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A Dream of The Future.

Should you ask me whence these screeches,
Whence this uproar and this tumult,
With the cry of girlish voices,
With the shout of glee and triumph,
With the sigh of disappointment,
With the noise as of conflict,
I should answer, I should tell you:
From the Gym. of far-famed Wesleyan—
That great college of the Southland—
From the Gym. with bars and ladders,
With its dumb-bells and its chest-weights,
With its Skeleton in Armoire—
Brother Bones, beloved of Frat-Girls;
From the Seniors and the Juniors,
From the Juniors and the Seniors—
Classes famed afar for knowledge
And for games and sports athletic;
From the Seniors Naughty Sixers,
From the Juniors Naughty Sevens;
From the pedalistic spheroid
Which the Tulane boys call football.
Out of Sophomores into Juniors
Now had grown our Naughty Sevens,
Skilled in all the crafts of athletes,
Learned in all the lore of wise men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all girlish arts and labors
Swift of foot was Naughty Seven;

She could aim the ball with firmness,
And run forward with such fleetness
That the ball would fall behind her,
Strong of arm was Naughty Seven;
She could shoot the ball straight forward,
Shoot it with such strength and swiftness
That a Senior vainly striving,
Could not stop it in its passage.
Long and hard the Naughty Sevens
Pleaded with their kind instructor
For a game and sport athletic.
Thus she taught the game of Basket Ball,
Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various chances,
Various changes, various meanings.
Twenty curious eyes stared at her,
Full of eagerness stared at her.
"Many games," said a grave Senior,
"Many games of skill and action
Have we seen in different places,
Have we played on many a campus;
She who plays against us Seniors
Must have very nimble fingers."
Then up spoke our glorious Captain—
Captain Blanche, of Naughty Seven—
"Though you think yourselves so skillful,
We can beat you boastful Seniors;
We can even give you lessons
In this game of ball and bases."
From the room above the stairway
Came the Juniors, came the Seniors,
Dressed for action, armed for battle,
Dressed in flannel waists of yellow,
Richly wrought with braid and ribbons;
On their feet the shoes well mated,
Round their waists a belt of leather;
In the Captain's hand the spheroid,
Made of hide both tough and pliant,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer,
Light with gas compressed within it,

Smooth, elusive and rebounding.
Warning said our kind preceptor,
"Go not forth, O Naughty Seven,
To a contest with the Seniors,
Lest they harm you with their magic,
Lest they conquer you with cunning."
But the fearless Naughty Sevens
Needed not her woman's warning.
Forth they strode in the Gymnasium,
At each stride a pace each measured.
Lurid was the stove before them,
Lurid was the radiator;
Hot and close the air around them,
As from burning words and Seniors,
For their hearts were hot within them—
Like a living coal their hearts were.
Hark ye now. The game commences.
"Take ye sides, ye Juniors, Seniors."
And the grave and reverend Seniors,
With the "Wesleyan walk" renowned,
Take their places for the contest,
With the high stall bars behind them;
While a row of eager faces
Bend upon them hostile glances
From that part of the Gymnasium,
Where the jolly Juniors hastened,
Where the stove pours forth its radiance,
Where the stove-pipe, bent and battered,
Shows the strength of girlish muscles.
One! Two! Three! the ball goes forward,
Then the two contending Captains,
Rushing forward, try to seize it.
Foremost darted our Captain,
Laid her hand upon the spheroid—
On the rounded missile laid it—
Hurled it madly at a basket.
But the leader of the Seniors
Caught, and tossed it backward from her,
With a motion of her forearm,
Tossed it back to her assistant.

Then our nimble-footed Goalman,
Throws the ball with force gigantic,
And it whizzes through the ether.
Straight to kiss an ardent Senior,
Bending forward to receive it.
Full it strikes her on the forehead,
And rebounding from that surface,
Falls behind the vaulting-horses..
Seized the spheroid, the wise Senior,
Dragged it by its thongs and lashings
From the recess in the corner
Thick with dust, the round projectile,
Long and loud laughed Naughty Seven.
Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand, among the maidens,
From the side-lines screamed the judges.
Naughty Nine, the class of Freshmen,
Sat upon the railings near them,
Cheering, clapped their hands above them.
Like an oak tree in a tempest
Bent and lashed our gallant Captain,
Till her locks were all disordered,
Streamed adown her back in ringlets,
And the hairpins fell like raindrops.
Then did Chapman, our center,
By an inch escape a fumble;
And the guards, Monroe and Dekle,
Ran to catch it if she should miss it.
Then doth Wilcox lose her shoestring.
"Wait a moment," calls the maiden;
"No we won't," says irate Branham;
"Stop your fussing," shouts the umpire.
Once again the game continued;
Smith and King bumped heads together;
Shrieking fell the fated Fletcher,
With her little finger wounded.
Twitty flew to the rescue,
Caught the ball before it landed,
Saved a point for Naughty Seven,
Hurled it back into the basket.

Crashing fell the oval football,
Till the Gym. shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle;
And the air was full of shoutings,
As of thunder in the mountains.
"Hold!" at length cried our instructor,
"Time is up, Oh, wearied maidens;
Cool ye now your heated foreheads,
Doff the garments of the warpath,
Put ye on the garb of students,
Waste no time in idle talking,
Get you to your different classes."
"What's the score?" the maidens questioned,
"Victory!" the air resounded;
"Victory for Naughty Seven!"
Naughty Seven, best of classes,
Great and glorious Naughty Seven.
Thus is played the game of basket-ball,
By the Juniors and the Seniors,
In the Gym. of noble Wesleyan.
Though the rooms are left deserted,
You may see the marks of conflict;
See the buttons and the hairpins,
On the floor where they are scattered;
See the hollows, dents and scratches
From the feet of many maidens.
Homeward gone the weary maidens;
Gone are Juniors, gone are Seniors;
Parted are the Seniors-Juniors.
All the Gym. is left in silence,
But the mem'ry of the contest
Still doth haunt the steps and sidelines.
Still the lofty walls reëcho
"Long live Juniors and long live Seniors,
Long the glorious game of Basket-Ball."

Finis.

A. T. L.

Losses of the Educational World.

IN the year just ended, three of the great educational institutions of Georgia passed through the valleys of the shadow, as their leaders laid down their work never to take it up again. Although their work is over their memory will still live in the hearts of Georgians for whom they worked so long and so well; and this memory of battles well fought and of duty well done will continue its influence for the education and the upbuilding of the race.

Georgia has had many loyal sons whose names are synonymous with all that is good and great, who cheerfully gave their lives for her on the field of battle or in the halls of state, yet in the death of none did she lose more than in the death of Pollock, Hall and Hill, knights whose shields are untarnished and whose escutcheons bear no blemish.

In the fabled days of Chivalry, Lancelot of the Lake and the knights of the Table Round lived no more loyally to their king; nor fought more faithfully for their country, than did these three fight for the future prosperity of Georgia; for in the education of her citizens lie her best defenses and they have been built and strengthened by the sacrifices of these three men.

First to answer the call of Death was Dr. P. D. Pollock, President of Mercer, who was soon followed by Dr. Lyman D. Hall, President of the Technological School, and then as the old year was dying the people of Georgia were called to mourn with the faculty and students of the University over the death of their beloved chancellor.

Heirs to the rich heritage of Southern traditions to which all of the Southland are born, they have proved worthy of this heritage and their names are now inscribed on the Georgia Roll of Fame. Honored by their colleges and state, loved and revered by all for their greatness of character and soul; they had a high conception of their duty and the great office to which they were called and never once swerved from the paths they thought to be right. When each one accepted his office no obstacles, no dangers, no criticisms could turn him from his duty until death stilled his heart and stopped the working of his master mind. These three inspired the students of their institutions with a wonderful college spirit and always were examples to them of noble Christian men, because they lived the precepts they had taught. They combined scholarship with a charming manner and any one on coming into their presence felt the

touch of their gracious manner and ready sympathy. They not only loved but lived the beautiful ideals of a Christian life. They planned wisely for their colleges and executed their designs with skill.

They were identified with all educational movements and all plans for the prosperity of their native state. Born too late to take part in the war for Southern rights they yet remembered the time when Georgia was struggling against the difficulties and dangers following on the war and knew what a task her people had before them to regain their place of prosperity and power in the nation's councils; and their lives were given to this great work of educating the sons of the soldiers impoverished by the invading armies and wounded on the battlefields. Political honors might have been theirs, and power in legislative halls, but they refused all these. They knew where Duty called loudest and they obeyed the call.

They did not belong to Georgia alone, for their work extended beyond the boundaries of the state. They were influential with the friends of education and secured much money for the promotion of education in Georgia.

The life of a college president is a strenuous one, and the death of these men in the prime of life was caused by their unremitting devotion to duty.

And now while the flowers on the graves of her own dead are still fresh, Georgia is summoned by her sister states to join them in mourning for one whose death has cast a gloom over the whole nation, for President Harper of the University of Chicago has finished his work and with the first days of a new year has gone to his reward. It is particularly fitting that the South should honor him, for he has always stood her friend, respecting her principles and honoring her steadfastness in keeping them. He was the father of the University Extension System, and always worked for the advancement of learning not only in his own state but everywhere. When his last days were clouded with an incurable disease, he bravely wove the last threads in the beautiful tapestry of his life, and calmly went to his long rest, where pain and sickness can never hurt him more.

Although they are dead, their influence will live after them, and this University Extension System will some day include all the large colleges of the United States, drawn together by the bonds of universal brotherhood and cemented by the sacrifices of these men at whose graves the nation bows her head in grief.

VERNON HORN, '07.

Self Government in Our Colleges.

THROUGHOUT the entire civilized world advanced education is the order of the day. In no country has it reached a higher standard than in the United States, particularly in the women's colleges, from whose halls go forth women to fill every station in the land.

It is the aim of educators, therefore, to give not only a general education, not only to train the mind, but also to prepare in every way a student to take her place in the world after graduation. Instead of being mere fashionable finishing schools, our women's colleges prepare for the sterner duties of life.

The curricula in the various colleges have been gradually raised until it takes a mature mind to compass the course. It is naturally supposed that a girl after having completed the preparatory course needed for admission to a first grade college has had her mind broadened and the foundation of her character laid; putting aside childish things she begins to have the desires and ambitions of womanhood, the longing to leave trodden paths and make a name for herself. Thus has the age limit of matriculates increased until we now find young women just entering college at an age when formerly they were introduced to society.

Realizing the fact that they no longer have children to deal with, the teachers are beginning to place students on a higher plane, to give more freedom, and to recognize their ability to think and act for themselves.

Many of the schools have instituted a plan of self-government among the students. This system has a highly beneficial effect upon the mind. It teaches a girl responsibility, self control, and gives her a broader view of life. It teaches her to respect laws, it removes the feeling of too severe restraint while "the necessity in conformity with general laws is manifested to any intelligent person not blinded by prejudice."

By governing others, the student is taught to govern herself, and thus learns to wield the sceptre of power before necessity compels her to take her place in life.

This system is meritorious from another standpoint in that it gives the student a more thorough understanding of governmental workings.

It teaches her to appreciate good government and to possess in the highest degree that respect for law and order, without which great essential, a character is in a large degree incomplete. Self-government teaches

civics, governmental methods and machinery, better than a text-book, for its application directly involves the interests of every member of the college.

The highest good to be obtained from this plan of government is its encouragement of the spirit of honor. No matter how weak her character may be, nor how small the spark of honor in her nature, yet this, if touched in the right way, will respond to all calls made upon it, and the character from being weak and vacillating will become strong and enobled. If a student is put on her honor, in nine cases out of ten she will prove her trustworthiness, whereas, if she is bound by the strict regulations which are to be found in most colleges, her spirit will rebel inwardly, at least, even though it should not be shown in actions. This inward rebellion, if long continued, will soon dwarf the character; whereas, if an appeal had been made to her honor, her whole character would have been broadened and strengthened.

Self-government, by sharing the responsibility of the teachers with the students, puts them in close touch with the hearts and lives of their pupils. It removes the student's feeling of harsh restricting laws and satisfies in a measure the craving of every American heart for representation in the governing body, that same principle which would allow no American in the olden days to consent to taxation without representation.

Again, this system drills the mind of the pupil in the choosing of the best representatives. Objection has been brought by some that a girl, though unstable in character, is yet chosen by reason of her popularity to a position on a governing board. This is the way to instill strength into character, not to destroy it, if for no other reason than that it raises her in her own self esteem, and gives the desire of living up to her office.

Let us now notice a few colleges that have this plan of self-government; how they are succeeding, and what is their method. As Vassar has reached the highest rank among the colleges of America, we will begin with her. She has her Student's Association, whose duties are to keep order both in the building and on the campus, to see that the students retire at a fixed hour, take an hour's exercise every day, and enforce regular attendance at chapel. There are frequent conferences between the Faculty and the Association. The executive and judicial powers of the Association are vested in a committee, consisting of a president, vice-president, and secretary, and ten other members chosen from all the classes. They divide the halls into districts and place a proctor over each one. Complaints of disorders of any kind must be reported to the Association, which acts upon it. They discuss in a public assembly questions of vital interest.

"The college officers and alumnae believe that it is vital enough and elastic enough to fit itself to whatever may be the demands of the future. However this may be, there are few if any among them, who do not wish it continued success and long life."

Let us come nearer home. Brenau has had this system since 1898. An Honor Board was selected by the students, consisting of twelve of their number, which should coöperate with the Faculty in making out an Honor Roll. This Honor Board has the discipline of the students in its own hands. There are sent to the Faculty to be approved, three lists—an Honor Roll, a Self-Governed List, a Privileged List. "The system of government is a self-governed one in two distinct senses: 1st, The executive, judicial and even legislative functions are to a considerable extent, vested in a body of students elected by popular vote. 2d, Each student as an individual, upon the fulfillment of certain conditions, is relieved of the most arbitrary restrictions which interfere with her liberty of conduct." This system has been in operation for about seven years and seems to be very successful.

Weleyn has the Honor System in the Senior class to a moderate degree. Certain privileges are granted all Seniors, and others above the age of eighteen, privileges may be recalled at any time by the President if a girl shows herself untrustworthy or abuses these privileges.

This matter should be more widely discussed in our higher colleges and a satisfactory basis of understanding be agreed upon between faculty and pupils. This would save much friction and tend to raise the high standard of the school and increase the scope of its influence upon the hearts and lives of its students.

ETHEL DEKLE, '07.

Master Musicians.

ST. CECILIA comes to us in a beautiful bit of legend from ancient Rome; telling us how the angels in Heaven used to come down and listen when she sang, and mingle their voices with hers; how she consecrated her life to the service of God and used her wonderful voice, and her invention, the organ, for the glory of Him. Artists have immortalized the legend and themselves by leaving on canvas the vision and beauty of St. Cecilia, but the "Divine art" does more than this—after nearly two thousand years, musicians can fill the world with the fragrance of St. Cecilia's lilies and roses.

This was only the beginning of the work in the musical world which was later carried on by Lulli, the first violinist, who in the zenith of his life, composed the famous music for "*Au Clair de la Lune*," which the numberless readers of "Trilby" will remember was sung by Svengali on that memorable night of the Cirque de Bashibazoucks. So surely was the influence of Lulli's marvelous violinistic abilities felt that not only the music became of a higher order, but steps were taken to improve the violin as well. The success of this undertaking is proved by the immortal Stradivarius of Cremona, who was a leader in this movement, and whose name lends to a violin all the artistic beauty and melodious harmony of which its great master was capable.

Something peculiarly wonderful in the history of music, is the family of Bachs. Musical talent and love of music had for years been transmitted from one generation to another, each time becoming more marked in its intensity, until it reached its culminating point in Johann Sebastian Bach, the wonderful musician whose compositions hold notes of genuine poetry—exuberant tenderness and lofty earnestness asserting itself in every strain.

Every true artist possesses influence over the musical world, but in Beethoven, the Browning of music, the god of the piano, power seemed unlimited. "Every one understands all of Mozart, no one all of Beethoven," was a familiar quotation during the latter's life, and even now his wealth of ideas, caprices and variety of treatment are quite as incomprehensible; and it was probably due to this that he attained the name of the "Browning of music." Beethoven had no rivals that were recognized as such during his life, but after his death the world looked to Schubert, a friend of the late musician, to carry on the work. A remarkable incident

is told of Schubert, regarding his future musical career. As he was returning from the grave of Beethoven, he went with his friends into a tavern, and calling for two glasses of wine, he drank first to the memory of the great man who had just been laid to rest and then to the memory of him who should be the first to follow Beethoven to the grave. In less than two years, Schubert himself lay beside him, but in those two short years he had stood before the world as master musician, "possessing a spark of divine fire" which shows forth in the rich-toned melodies that he composed.

Hardly had Schubert been laid to rest before the world turned toward Mendelssohn, whose name we will never hear without bringing to our mind the "Wedding March" and "Song Without Words." The composer considered that music has a language of its own more definite than words, and so he omitted the accompanying poetry from his song.

It is in Liszt's biography of Chopin that we have the true but remarkable life of this great pianist; Liszt, although a genius, was not a biographer, and his story resembles a rhapsody. Chopin had an unusually clear insight into the natures of the people with whom he came in contact, and often amused himself by composing pieces that are to music what caricature is to art. His ruling passion was never forgotten a moment; when nearing the end of his great career, and on his death bed, the Countess Delphine Potoska came to see him and he begged her to sing to him. The gifted country woman dared not refuse, and with her voice filled with tears, she sang the famous "Canticle of the Virgin." Over and over again she sang and that sacred silence was broken only by the voice of the singer, "floating like a melody from Heaven above the sighs and sobs which formed its mournful earth accompaniment." Thus the great pianist died as he had lived, surrounded by the things of earth which he held dearest.

It is to the German composer Wagner that the hearts of the people turned first and clung longest. The writer of the charming "folk songs of his nation breathes forth in purest, tenderest, tones the souls of the people of land, and by these Wagner has appealed to the world in a way unequalled by any composer.

With the atmosphere of these musicians around us, we could all be lifted up to greater heights and like Browning, remain silent amid this world's battle could we hear these masters play.

B. L. CHAPMAN, '07.

The Summer Girl.

In summer at all resorts I'm found,
At each I reign supreme,
In numberless costumes I abound,
The latest smartest seems.

At early morn I hurry down,
For every plan alert;
Arrayed alway in charming gown,
With the Gibson man to flirt.

I babble over stories gay,
I sing in sharps and trebbles,
I play at bridge in charming way,
I stroll upon the pebbles.

I row, I swim, I golf, I ride,
Tho' at Tennis I am poor,
Unless the game with one is tried
And love counts half the score.

I chatter, chatter as I go,
Of pleasure tiring never;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Surrounded e'er by youths galore,
I've lovers for disposal,
From those I promise to adore,
I receive a due proposal.

With magic charm I lure them on,
Each falls beneath my spell;
Their ardor's met with heartless calm,
The game of hearts goes well.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In shadowy recesses,
While youth to strain of love-sick bars
His ardent love confesses.

The summers come, the summers go,
I cease my witcheries never;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I. L., '07.

A Day in Havana.

A CLEAR bright morning in December, a merry party of Americans set out down the Prodo to do some shopping and sight-seeing. Having looked at many pretty fans, sandal and lacquer boxes and a variety of Spanish laces and handiwork, the party left the shops, hoping to happen upon something interesting.

Shortly afterward we came upon the president's palace. Having entered, we were shown around by one of the officers, who spoke English. The inner court was most beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and a variety of rare tropical plants. We were somewhat surprised to find the carriages, horses and cows at the rear of the main court, though we knew it was the custom of most of the Cubans. The palace was in great confusion; preparations were being made for the New Year reception and we were told that no one could see the president or the remainder of his home until the New Year, when every one would be most heartily welcomed.

The officer then told us that General Lacret, an old and distinguished soldier who had just died, was at the capitol lying in state, and directed us there.

The streets were very crowded with people and carriages. The decorations were very beautiful, and abundant enough to do honor to an emperor. Candles were burning through the darkened halls, and the odor of incense, myrrh, and spices was strong. Eight soldiers in dress uniform, with fixed bayonets, stood like statues about the bier. We learned that the funeral procession would leave the capitol at two, so we decided to attend the ceremonies which were to take place at the cemetery at four.

Little else was discussed at the midday meal; so we set out early for the great Colon cemetery, which is some eight miles from the city. While waiting for the procession our time was well spent. We made a careful study of the Fireman's monument, which tourists say is by far the most beautiful in the world; inspected many statues, tombs, inscriptions, flowers and plants, and last but not least of my impressions, the bone yard, which is not intended for visitors to see. It is in a secluded corner of the cemetery surrounded by a wall, but, with some effort, a person may see over the side. All the dead who have no friends to pay their grave-rent, at last find a resting place here.

During our short stay we saw the funeral processions of nine children. Most of them evidently belonged to poor families, as they were accompa-

nied by small crowds, and there was little pomp and parade. One peculiar feature is that the Spanish or Cuban lady never attends a funeral, no matter what the occasion. However she appears on the streets soon after, dressed in the deepest mourning, and all the family, even the smallest child, wear black.

A great mass of people had flocked in at the gate to witness the procession. They so blocked the way that the infantry and part of the cavalry had to enter first to disperse them and make an opening to the chapel where the last rites were to be held. The hearse bearing the body entered, drawn by ten coal black horses. The footmen all wore wigs, and were richly dressed in scarlet and gold which exactly matched the trappings and plumes of the horses. Just behind this was another hearse filled with the most beautiful flowers and drawn by eight iron gray horses caparisoned in violet and gold. A third followed drawn by six horses in red, and a fourth by four horses in orange; each was laden with flowers and was dazzling in its splendor. Next followed the Catholic fathers, the city guard, the band, several secret orders and a number of friends, all dressed in red and gold to harmonize with the foremost part of the procession. Empty carriages waited at the gate for the people; they ride home, but always walk to the cemetery while their empty carriage follows in the procession. It is a token of the highest honor to have a great number of unoccupied carriages in a procession. We counted a hundred and fifty, but saw so many more that we grew weary of the task and stopped. The guide told us that we had not seen a very unusual procession; nevertheless, we retired that night very much impressed by the events of the day.

E. C. M., '07.

Br'er Rabbit.

"Old Molley Har'
Wat's you doin' dar
Sittin in de conder
Smokin yo' seeeygar?"

THE rabbit is thought to have been "bred and born in a briar patch" in the western half of the Mediterranean basin and he certainly did "skip out des as lively es a cricket in de embers," for they spread over France, Holland and Germany, but on account of their destructive nature the Germans got rid of them. Then they made their way to Scandinavia and were at last introduced into England by the Romans.

It is almost universally agreed that no quadruped so small as the rabbit has played such a part in the political, the social, and the literary affairs of mankind. In England, alone, many thousands of people have been sent to the gallows on account of this insignificant quadruped. It has been known to set class against class and has threatened to cause war between landlord and tenant.

Rabbits are said to have multiplied so fast in the beginning of the Christian era in Majorica that the inhabitants begged the Roman emperor to send his soldiers to fight the bunnies, who were almost reducing the island to famine. They are perhaps quite as serious a pest in Australian life. Years ago three pairs of rabbits were brought into Australia for the purpose of giving sport and food. The Australian parliament has since enforced laws concerning the rabbit and today the government is expending vast sums of money to check the rabbit plague.

Many kinds of devices have been tried to get rid of the pest. One of the most amusing devices is that of a lighted torch on the back of a crab. When the torch is lighted and the crab runs down into the hole, "Mr. Rabbit" immediately runs out and finds himself in the hands of his pursuers. It was suggested that the stock of rabbits can be greatly decreased by vigorous shooting before cold weather begins and the largest number killed in one day was killed by Sir Victor Brooks, who fired one thousand cartridges and killed seven hundred and forty rabbits.

As an article of food the domesticated rabbit is of considerable importance. Thousands are imported into London every week during the colder months of the year. These rabbits are reared in huts by the Belgian peasants and are a source of great revenue. A plan was devised several years ago by Major Moran, which is known as "hutch farming" in open air. The animals are kept in large hutches, with projecting roofs, floored with galvanized iron entering through which the grass projects to be eaten by the rabbits. The hutches are moved three times a day, so

that the animals are constantly on clean ground and have fresh food. The young, when old enough to leave the mother, are reared in somewhat smaller hutches and are killed for market under three months of age. Belgium was making so much money on the rabbit that a few years ago California imported the Belgian hare and distributed them among the farming population. Recently laws have been enacted by statesmen of California looking to the extermination of the hare, as the revenue from the sale of Belgian hares will not restore the flora destroyed and the "Garden Spot of America" is becoming a desert. Southern children look upon the rabbit as a great agriculturist. The small boy, "father to the man," lays in his supply of "rabbit tobacco" to while away the time; his little sister hunts rabbit peas and rabbit coffee for the store rooms of her "play house." The old black mammy and uncle Ned teach the Southern child to be on the lookout for trouble if "Br'er Rabbit" jumps across the path. A talisman worth more than many times its weight in gold is the rabbit foot, and even cultured men and women are not entirely free from the influence of fetichism, while "to shake the rabbit foot" on enterprises assures success.

The rabbit has played a part in the religious history of the age as a symbol of the Resurrection. The Saxon Goddess, Octavo, was goddess of spring, or Nature's resurrection after the long death of winter, and the rabbit was sacred to the goddess. A day was set apart for special worship of Octavo, and it was customary to exchange presents of colored eggs and rabbits as the type of the beginning of life. When Saxons were converted to Christianity they refused to give Octavo up, so the name was transferred to their great Christian feast, and today the rabbit plays his part in Easter decorations.

In literature the rabbit plays his most important part as "Br'er Rabbit." He is the hero of song and story, and hundreds of people look with the greatest pleasure upon the "Br'er Rabbit" stories of childhood, and read with keen interest the stories compiled by Georgia's greatest writer, Joel Chandler Harris. Some one has said, "when I think of Uncle Remus and 'Br'er Rabbit' and the relation they bear to the small boy of the country, I am constrained to say, that for quaint humor and tender sentiment, this delicious piece of literature is the very sweetest thing I have ever read." Roosevelt, while making his tour through the United States, said, "Joel Chandler Harris is the greatest American." Mrs. Roosevelt also said that it was worth the trip from Washington to Georgia to shake hands with him. Professor T. W. Powell, of the Smithsonian Institution, who is engaged in the investigation of the North American Indian, tells us that some of the Uncle Remus stories appear in a great many different

languages and in various modified forms among the Indians; he believes that they are borrowed by the negroes from the Red men. Harris said that he never could understand why the negro selects as his hero the weakest and most harmless of all animals and brings him out victorious in contests with the bear, the wolf, and the fox. "It is not virtue that triumphs, but helplessness; it is not malice, but mischievousness." We find the rabbit jumping about in many fields of literature, but these words from Wordsworth are, perhaps, the most beautiful.

"All things that love the sun are out of doors;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth,
 The grass is bright with rain drops;—on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth,
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way,
 Wherever she doth run."

JANIE MOSS, '07.

An Unexpected Caller.

DURING a game of basket-ball, Margery Langdon had sprained her ankle very badly indeed, and for the past few days she had been confined not only to her room, but to her bed. She had improved, however, and for the first time she was sitting in a Morris chair in the study adjoining her room, looking a little pale, but laughing at the many foolish and funny things the girls were saying.

Her room-mate, Evie Gray, was trying to write while the other three girls, having slipped in to see them, talked and laughed almost incessantly. It's true that Adele *would* stop every few minutes just long enough to taste the fudge which she was stirring vigorously. Finally, on taking a taste a little too soon she found it much hotter than she expected and, regardless of study period, screamed at the top of her voice, "Ouch! That hurt!"

"Well, do don't scream so loud again or you'll have Mr. Gordon in here and then we will be in a fix. You don't seem to realize that we are violating two of his rules at one time. He would restrict us if he found us visiting during study hours, to say nothing of cooking fudge!"

"Well," said Bertha Leigh, "if any one knocks I choose to get in the closet. You get in there with me, Rose."

"I don't care if you all do get in the closet, I'd rather be behind this screen anyway, because I can see over and find out who it is that comes in."

"O we didn't doubt, Adele, that you preferred being where your curiosity could be satisfied."

No sooner had these arrangements been made than some one knocked on the door. There was a burst of laughter and general confusion while the three visitors got to their hiding places and Evie hid the chafing dish under the book-case. Then Evie went to the door; for being a room-mate of Margery's she did not have to hide. When she opened it there stood Isabel Lee. Even the distinction of being "one of the crowd" could not save poor Isabel from the torrent of abuse which was poured upon her for having frightened them so.

Order had been restored and the fudge was almost done when a second knock was heard. Adele, Rose and Bertha flew to their hiding places and Isabel slipped behind a heavy portiere, hanging in front of a door. When the chafing dish was again put away Evie opened the door and found this time a servant, who was almost as much to be dreaded as a teacher, for they would always "tell on" the girls.

"Miss Margery, your Brother in de parlor and he say does you want anything tonight. He comin' up to see you to-morrow, but he just scared you want somethin' tonight."

"No thank you, Julia. Tell him I am feeling much better and don't need a thing."

"Yes'm."

During the conversation Adele had been making faces at Margery, but all in vain, for she did not see them. No sooner had the servant closed the door behind her than Adele said, "Why, Margery, why didn't you let him come, we could all have met him and it would have been so much fun to have all appeared and surprised him."

"Would you really have done it?"

"Would we? Well you know we would! The idea of asking such a question when a good-looking man twenty-three years old is concerned. How about it, girls?"

"Of course we would," came in unison from the others.

"Evie, won't you be a good little room-mate and run catch the servant and tell her that I have changed my mind and I do want Brother to come over tonight?"

Evie's departure seemed a signal for general confusion. All four girls rushed to the mirror to see how they looked.

"My, but my face is dirty; I must wash it right quick," said Adele, "for I am determined to make a good impression tonight."

Although Bertha, a tall and striking brunette, was rubbing her face violently to get up color, she found time to say, "Oh, he won't even see you, you are too little."

Rose was powdering her face carefully while Isabel gave her hair a pull here and a pat there. All were very much excited, and Margery had difficulty in getting their attention. After several attempts she did finally make them listen to her. "Now girls, when he knocks, I'll say 'Come in,' and as soon as I see him I'll say 'Hello, Brother!'" You can have that for a signal to appear, and the very minute I say it, you must all come out."

"All right, we'll be ready!"

Each girl went to her place and quietness prevailed for about two minutes, when for the third time there was a knock at the door. Margery said "Come in" and Evie opened the door. Behind her room-mate, Margery saw her brother, and as she gave the signal, "Hello Brother," four girls came to view. At the self-same moment they all saw not only the long-expected brother, but with him Mr. Gordon, the College President.

Rose and Bertha stared at each other to see what to do and, gaining no enlightenment on the subject, they continued to stare. Isabel silently withdrew behind the portiere; and even Adele, the ever-ready, could only open her mouth and shut it again without making a sound. They were all afflicted alike in being struck dumb, and each face had that sickly pallor that comes from fright and embarrassment combined.

The deathly silence was only broken by the stern voice of Mr. Gordon: "Young ladies, what does this mean?"

W. W. ERMINGER, '07.

Retribution.

A postman down the street came swinging,
As Cupid abroad his darts was winging.
A goat in the corner on mischief bent
Was seeking some way his feelings to vent.
While chewing a can, he slowly sighed,
But glancing around, a postman espied.
His eyes grew wicked at thought of battle,
The dust flew, then a bang and rattle.
Then the postman received a shock;
The din that arose was heard a block.
In astronomicals, the man grew wise,
For moons and stars danced in his eyes.
He was butted up, and then came down;
He struck on his back and then on his crown.
His uniform was dirty and torn;
Of brass buttons left forlorn.
The goat with a last plunge of his butter,
Sent him flying into the gutter.
He turned as the mail sack met his sight—
Soon its contents were brought to light,
The letters and parcels foretold a feast
To the palate of the hungry beast.
Soon they vanished, stamps and all.
But the sweets turned to wormwood and to gall.
The goat was seen with suffering face,
Quivering beard and solemn pace.
"That he could eat anything," no longer a boast;
He sank in a corner and gave up the ghost.
'Twas the fourteenth of February dire,
And the letters with love were all afire.
In the animal cemetery a tomb you see
With this epitaph, if you'll believe me:
"This honored goat, (his age ninety-nine),
Died from eating a Valentine."

A. H.

Things Are Not What They Seem.

EVERY one knew Isabel Lorimer's great weakness. All of the girls knew it and it had reached the ears of the little teacher at the end of the hall, who pretended that she thought it was very foolish indeed.

Of course all girls are subject to fads, but never before had such an idea entered anyone's head. Isabel was a popular girl, so it was not to be wondered at that the others called things that she did "cute" and "grand" where they would have called them silly in other girls.

"What was this fad?" I hear you ask. Well, she had a perfect mania for collecting men's photographs. She pursued this "pastime" to such an extent that she not only collected them herself, but employed the assistance of her friends. Not only were photographs collected, but even magazines, books, and newspapers, were rifled and every good looking man was cut out and deposited in the box where several hundred predecessors lay.

Out of all this array she always had one that was her favorite. But these favorites were liable to be changed from day to day, for she was always finding some obstacle between herself and that particular "man of her choice." The first was discarded because she found another that was better looking. The second was good looking enough, but was only five feet nine and she wanted a six foot gentleman. The third was both tall enough and good looking enough, but alas! she discovered that he was married. Finally she found one that she considered perfect, and all of the other girls agreed with her. Nancy Thompson, her room-mate, had at last begun to hope that the changes were at an end, when she came into the room one day to find that Isabel's late favorite had been removed from his place and another in place of it.

"Well, Isabel," she said, "I see that you have a new man."

"Yes I found that the other was some old lecturer or something, and I was tired of him any way. But this last one is an army officer, and too fine for anything. Just look! Isn't he grand looking?"

Nancy looked at the picture for a minute. He was undeniably handsome, and his uniform made him more so. For some time Nancy looked at him and finally said: "Isabel, I admire your taste."

Time went on, and every day Isabel became more and more in love with the handsome young army officer, and, by and by, Nancy came to share her enthusiasm.

Finally one day Nancy rushed in with the glorious news that the young officer's regiment was to pass through on its way to Savannah. Isabel's joy was intense. "At last," she cried, hugging Nancy and dancing her all around the room, "at last I am going to get to see him, for see him I will, and you must go with me, my dear old Nance."

From that day on Isabel talked of nothing else but seeing the "grand" army officer, and she talked about it so much that by the time the eventful day had arrived every girl in "Isabel's crowd" was almost as excited as she herself. The whole push wanted to go to the train, but Isabel, firmly believing that she was about to meet her fate, would not allow it. "Of course, girls, you will all see him some time," she said, "for I intend to marry him immediately."

"You certainly speak confidently," said Nancy.

"Well anyway I don't want the whole crowd with me." And the girls accepted her decision as a matter of course.

Right after lunch that day Isabel and Nancy set out for the station, and arrived there about two hours too early. They spent this interval in wondering and guessing what the first words of the idol would be, for of course they intended speaking to him. Oh yes! It had never entered Isabel's head that she would do otherwise than speak to him. In all her wild pictures she had imagined him as rushing up with smiles and extended hand and being overjoyed to see her.

Finally the train came, and the soldiers began to pour down the steps. Isabel and Nancy stood hand in hand, blocking the gates and staring with eager eyes into the multitude of uniforms. Finally they caught sight of the commaading officer, that "grand military man." He was leading his men to the gate in front of which the two girls stood. Good-looking? Well, not exactly. He was not positively ugly, but it was easy to see that his picture had flattered him "to death." Instead of being tall, he was short, and where his hair had seemed black it was a dull sandy color. Finally to cap the climax, he turned to Isabel and Nancy (who were a decided impediment to his progress, being right in front of the gate), and said: "Git out of the way, sissy, and let us pass."

* * * * *

The next morning the picture of the "grand" military man" was not in its place, and Julia confided to Anne that she had seen Isabel privately burning it.

S. BRANHAM, '07.

The Spectator.

[Dedicated with Apologies to Addison and Steel.]

PAPER NUMBER I.

CONFESSIONS OF A "CASE."

TONGUE can not utter the mixture of feelings that lies hidden in my heart nor the tumult in my soul, yet feeling that I must give vent to my emotions or die, I sieze pen and paper and jot down some of my confused thoughts.

Oh, for the return of the happy time when "caseless" I roamed about these halls, laughing to scorn those afflicted ones, who wandered about with arms around the waist of their beloved, hung upon their lips to catch the least word, or felt themselves raised to the heights of bliss if in some dark corner or stairway a kiss was perchance imprinted on their fair cheeks.

In the excess of my own feeling of self-righteousness, I even felt a contempt for such creatures, but now my pride has had a fall, my Dead Sea fruit has turned to ashes, and I am become as a worm in the dust.

This time last week I was happy, yet I knew not that I was happy.

I had not yet tasted love's sweets nor felt its bitterness. Not suspecting danger, while calmly walking down the hall secure in the freedom of my heart, I met—Her. One glance from those heavenly eyes, a smile that thawed the ice around my heart, her sweet voice calling in dulcet tones, "Hello Hun," brought me a captive at her feet.

Heretofore, I had not known that she was conscious of my existence, nor did I recognize her striking beauty 'til it was suddenly revealed to me through the eyes of love. Then every ripple of her hair took on an added charm. Now the supremest joy of my life was to receive a message of love penned by her beautiful hand. The hitherto dreary halls and passage ways became sacred with the tender memories of Her. No longer did the stairs seem wearisome to the flesh, when I ascended them encircled by her arms. But tonight! My castle has vanished in smoke. My adored one turned her back on me in chapel, and darkness covered me as a cloud. Regardless of my frantic gestures and loving glances, She calmly listened to the speaker. I knew then that my brief course was run and that she had deserted me for another flame. However, I resolved to make a last desperate

effort, and invite her to walk around the porch with me as we had often done on happier Sunday evenings. In my despair I wrote these words:

My Dearest, My Darling—

Can it be true that you have forsaken me? Tell me that your ignoring of me in chapel was not due to the fact that you no longer loved me, but that the speaker was watching you closely. Will you not walk around the porch with me tonight and prove that you are still constant to the one who loves you so dearly?

Yours until death,

The minutes went by—no answer.

When I knew that it was all over, that our love was buried forever, I fell on my bed and wet my pillow with those bitter tears that are wrung only from the heart of the forsaken.

Fudge.

Once upon a midnight cheery, fudge we tended, bright and merry,
Over new and brilliant gas jets,—for we had nothing more,—while we
Knocking, nearly scrapping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one loudly rapping, rapping at our chamber door,

“’Tis some teacher,” I whispered, “tapping at my chamber door:
Hide, waste not a moment more!”

Ah, distinctly I remember, for ’twas in the bleak December,

And each quickly flying member dropped their fudge upon the floor.

Eagerly we hid the butter,—falling pans all made a clutter,

Hiding proof from that one standing—standing at that fatal door,

With restrictions ready for the rule-breakers within the door

Punished to be forever more,

And the certain shaking, rustling of that Oriental curtain

Chilled me—filled me with those strange forebodings often felt before;

Lest the rustling curtain should reveal those hidden fudge-makers

To that dreaded one demanding entrance at our chamber door;

An awful Nemesis demanding entrance at our chamber door;

Torture it could be no more.”

Knowing rules we'd violated, tremblingly we hesitated,
Fearing unknown terrors when we opened wide that fatal door.
"Please forgive us, we were napping, and so gently you came rapping,
That we scarcely heard you tapping, tapping at our chamber door."
Calm and cool, forgiveness begged we—here I opened wide the door:
Stillness within and nothing more.

Deep into that stillness looking, smelling fudge that we'd been cooking,
'Twas that teacher who 'gainst Juniors more than once had borne a
grudge.
Then the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only words she mentioned were those condemning ones, "'Tis
Fudge."
"Juniors, come from back that curtain, for I've caught you making
fudge."

Until 'twas done she'd never budge.

To the President now returning, all our pleas for mercy spurning,
Soon again we heard a knocking somewhat louder than before,
Then once more she entered, triumph clearly written on her face.
("Is there mercy at old Wesleyan?—tell me, tell me, I implore!")
"From you, restrictions," said the teacher, standing at our chamber door,
"Shall be lifted—Nevermore!"

V. H. AND E. D., '07.

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	LOCAL EDITORS

"The times are changing and we are changing with them." In no department of life has there been such rapid progress as in the educational world. The slow and tedious steps by which the children of a quarter of a century ago found the path to intellectual attainments are almost incredible to us who, in the light of the new century, have learned to read almost without effort. The spirit of the new age is the spirit of the French Revolution purified and rendered sane by the experience and wisdom of the past. That spirit was a cry against the tyranny of the old order, a reaching forward toward the fullest freedom of man in every faculty of his intellectual and moral make-up.

Every honest effort toward lessening the tedium of laying the mechanical foundation of an education, should at least be given a trial and not be ruthlessly cast aside by one individual's blind subservience to the traditions of the past. There is a strenuous effort toward a spelling reform eloquently advocated by certain educational leaders and some high-class magazines. We quote from the *Independent* of January 11th:

"If it were not for our atrocious way of spelling words, a child might learn to read and spell in three months instead of not learning in three years; that is why so many of our children are backward. * *

"We will help the simplified spelling as far as we can, and wish we could go farther. Even our correspondent accepts Webster's spelling such as *labor* for *labour*; but how his father hated it as he hates *tho* and *thoro*!

We have the future with us, for we have the scholars and teachers; and we have the overwhelming majority of our readers, whose reason approves us, even when their old habit is momentarily startled."

We are not advocating unconditionally the spelling reform; but we do ask that it be given a fair chance, and that those who are so ready to condemn it let not their personal prejudices have weight in the argument; but that they consider this movement only in relation to those children who must wrestle with the English language long after they are dead.

L. J. S.

Athletic Department.

MAIE DELL ROBERTS.

The Wesleyan girls have done practically nothing in the way of athletics this month. 'Tis true that the Christmas holidays are the cause of this; but now two weeks have passed and the work in the other departments having resumed their respective courses, it is to be hoped that the work in the athletic department will not be found lacking at the end of two more weeks. Girls, be more active and take more interest in the Spring work than you did in the Fall.

In this issue, we have a picture of the Junior basket-ball team. Several new men are to be found in the line-up, but their work as well as that of the old members proves that the Juniors have good athletic material among them.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL BENEFITS OF BASKET-BALL.

Basket-ball may justly claim a prominent place in the world of sport. Its adoption by girls as a recreative as well as an invigorating exercise proves its adaptability to all, and no more ardent advocates can be found than those who indulge in it. Its success in this new field is now strongly established, and inter-school games cause as much interest and enthusiasm as in masculine games. In the last year, the most noticeable increase in teams was among schools and colleges and small clubs.

Especially is there an increase of interest among colleges for women. From a physiological standpoint, basket-ball is among the most beneficial, physically, of games for women. Muscular exercise is necessary for the health of an individual, and in basket-ball, all the muscles of the body are brought into play but no one muscle is worked excessively. Even when the ball is on another part of the field, the player has to be on the lookout, for at any moment she may be called upon to play. This means a contraction of all the muscles, which are expanded again by the jumping, running, throwing, etc.

Also, the respiratory organs are stimulated. It has been shown that the amount of carbon de-oxide given off and oxygen consumed is greater when taking violent exercise than when walking; in other words, increased demands are made on the respiratory organs, which consist of the heart, nerve centers and lungs. The exercise of basket-ball results in the respiration of quantities of air, and an output of blood from the heart.

It has been argued that from this very fact of acting as a stimulus to the heart, basket-ball is dangerous for a player who has a weak heart. On the contrary, it may strengthen a weak heart, if indulged in in the right way and not to excess. If the duration of the time of playing is short, and the rest long, the heart may be made strong enough by degrees to stand the increased demand of work made upon it. But it is for the physician to say, in any case, whether it is safe or not.

Another benefit is the control of the nerve systems that is acquired. The necessity for quick and decisive action causes the muscles, or the nervous system of the muscles, to respond intantaneously to the will of the mind. The writer knows of an incident when two young ladies, who played basket-ball saved their lives by dodging a runaway horse. They, themselves, believe that they would not have been uninjured if they had not played a game of that kind.

Indeed, there is pleasure in basket-ball, not only in the mere sport, but also the pleasure of knowing the good, physically, it does you. It is these pleasures in the game that have caused its popularity and that will make it the most popular sport for women.

AGNES LYNN JONES, 07.

Book Review.

COLE BAKER.

When you read "Cole Baker," Will W. Harkens' latest book, you will be fascinated by the haunting familiarity of the place and people.

It has the North Georgia sitting that Mr. Harkens has used so successfully in other stories, and is a charming pen-picture of the simple home life of the shrewd, kindly mountaineer in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge.

Cole Baker is a quaint, humorous philosopher of the homespun variety whom we first knew and loved in "Abner Daniel." He appears to be rather a meddler in the love affairs of his friend, Nelson Floyd, a young merchant of Darley, and a pretty girl of that obscure neighborhood. His seeming interference was prompted by his loyalty to Nelson, and gratitude to the girl, who had once saved the life of his little son. The romance of these two young people forms the real threat of the story, with Cole Baker as the guardian angel of the lovers. His good sense and contagious optimism secured the happiness of his young friends and incidentally paved the way for his own good fortune.

The chapters devoted to Cole Baker's trip to Atlanta as an amateur detective, in the cause of his friend, and the visit paid by the White Caps to Cole himself are full of dramatic interest.

Some of the anecdotes in the book are dragged in by main force and attributed to Uncle Abner Daniel, which is perhaps a pardonable pride in the creator of such a successful character.

Altogether it is a happy combination of human nature and love, and the characters impress the reader as real living men and women.

HEART'S DESIRE.

In "Heart's Desire," by Emerson Hough, we find the story of a young Princeton man of real ability, who, discouraged by his sweetheart's father on mercenary grounds, goes West and drifts into the delightfully primitive little community known as Heart's Desire, where the girl, travelling West with her father several years later, meets him again and the final understanding is brought about by an insane sheep-herder, owner of a Victoria Cross of Honor, and who, by the way, is an interesting character, though little is told of him.

There is scarcely any plot—the beauty of the story lies in the setting.

Art Department.

THE BARBIZOU PAINTER.

More than the art of any other modern peoples, French art is a national expression. The cause of this is the fact that from the first French art has been appreciated and encouraged by French people and they have kept alive its traditions. Its growth and cultivation has been almost wonderful; not like the long, steady progress of Italian art.

A group of artists of whom the French are justifiably proud are J. F. Millet, Theodore Rousseau, and Corot, who are best remembered among the Romantic Artists as the Barbizou painters. France rightly believes she leads in poetic landscapes, with the works of these three; for it was to landscapes and nature studies that their work was mostly devoted. The art of these painters was in reality a protest against the older and the conventional treatment of landscape, which at this time had become nearly always subordinate to figure painting, or was considered secondary to it. It was entirely without life or feeling, so it was the object of the Barbizou painters to re-invest it with animation and truth. One must not think, however, that these romantic painters were merely emotional. They were mainly imaginative, and in painting as in literature, the great change wrought by romanticism consisted in stimulating the imagination, instead of merely satisfying the intellect.

There was in their work less direct statement and more suggestion of the surroundings.

Millet and Corot are perhaps more popular than the third member of this group. One secret of Millet's popularity is the strain of sympathy that his peasant blood gives to his work and a struggle for existence, which is strikingly clear in all his pictures of peasant life. With his artistic gifts he might have been more fortunate, had his range been broader. Nevertheless the way in which he handled his material will preserve his fame. Others might spend a lifetime painting peasants, but never make them interesting to the masses of the people. Millet loves color; he delights in glorious, resplendent tones; and occasionally he bathes a scene in a yellow mist that hides all detail.

In spite of the popular and conventional painting of his day, Millet, the original genius, went his own way regardless of criticism, but it was not long before he, himself, had followers, and his way of looking at nature became the popular one. Millet's subject makes him seem more serious than Corot, but he is not as charming or as unique.

Corot has been called "The ideal classic romantic painter," "The artist poet of the morning and the evening," "The delightful painter of twilight, of rosy dawn and dewey eve." It was these soft tints and glories that he loved best, and better than any other painter he could transfer to canvas the atmosphere, the mists and dews.

Corot was the leader of this group of landscape painters. He is one of the artists whose works are most popular in England, Scotland and America. It is well to remember that the French artists would perhaps not have been as famous now had it not been for the influence of the English painter, John Constable. A French writer speaking of Corot says: "It was before a picture of Constable that he felt the scales fall from his eyes, and from that day forth he took Nature as his only guide."

He always worked according to his feelings; if he was in a gay mood he would select a bright study, perhaps flowers, or a laughing brook. Corot's life seems to have been altogether happy after he decided upon art as his life-work, which, with a great love for music, were his bonds to earth. French writers are fond of comparing the music of Mozart to the canvases of Corot.

The character of Theodore Rousseau was a decided contrast to that of Corot. He never cared for friends and was happy only when engaged in the little village of Barizou. He was a grave man, fond of solitude. Like most great men, Rousseau's mother was a woman of more than ordinary ability and her son had for her "a respect the most deferential—a passionate devotion which lasted all his life." When he felt the inspiration for painting he made many efforts before telling any one, but his parents were so delighted at his ability that he was put under the care of good teachers, and made frequent visits to the Louvre to copy the masters. He spent much of his time in the mountains, where on every side were streams, clumps of woods, rocks, and villages which he so loved to paint. He even sought to find studies for pictures by making friends with the poor people of the country, and by living with them in their small cottages. Other men have loved nature, but it has been said, Rousseau was in love with her. To him she revealed her secret of Beauty, though Rousseau was entirely a landscape painter. He rarely introduced figures in his pictures, but was a great lover of trees. Corot, too, loved trees, but he loved more the early morning light that bathed his landscape, and is known as the "Painter of the Dawn." To Millet the Human Interest was always paramount, and we know him as the painter of the struggling Peasant life.

NANNALINE KING, '07.

Local Department.

MYRA STUBBS, EDITOR.

Smaller planets sometimes eclipse the sun.

"Fools may speak wisely

What wise men do foolishly."

Mr. Forster says there is more T. Lism going on in the college than ever before. As cases are ever a matter of general interest, we give below some of the latest:

Bessie White and Willie Erminger.

Nan Pace and Julia Christie.

Ethel Dekle and Nell Pipkin.

Elizabeth Mosely and Fannie Crumley.

Virginia Brown and Hays Robinson.

Elizabeth Hollis and Callie Bell.

How many boys does Wynona Evans write to?

Ans. 38,925,000.

Dollie McLendon is a living evidence that living on love does not decrease one's weight. She has taken to riding on the freight elevator.

Mr. Jenkins (in Psychology)—Here is a paragraph on Love. I'd like to call on the one best informed on the subject. Tell us about it, Miss Chapman.

Mr. Jenkins—What are the evidences of love?

Monning—Kresses.

A new monopoly was formed Christmas. Santa Claus bought out the back-comb factory.

At last we know why the Chapmans, usually so prompt at meal time, have been late so often this year. All three received powder-rags Christmas.

All the college is sad over the news that Inez Daughtry will not be with us this year. Ill-health keeps her at home. The class of '06 hereby loses one of its brightest members.

Horn—Ethel, did you order that soap?

Dekle—Yes, I told them to send up two bunches of "Cashmere Bouquet."

Smaller planets sometimes eclipse the sun.

Miss Wilder—What are your favorite books?

Bryan—Why, I enjoy most, Hawthorne's "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner."

Annie Chambliss—Myra, don't you wish we could raise Shakespeare from the dead?

Myra—Why?

Chambliss—Mrs. Burkes says he can

"Give to airy nothings a local habitation"—

Maybe he could get us a room.

E. Ling Soon—Isn't it queer that Annabel Horn can write poetry just like prose?

Prof. Bonnell—The Venus de Medici stands for form.

Bertie Taylor—Look here, isn't he wrong? There is no such thing as a Venus de Medici. He means Catherine de Medici.

The sentimental Miss Wooten was going through the mists upon the outline of Mercer silhouetted against the evening sky. "Oh girls," she exclaimed, "come look at Mercer! It looks just like heaven."

Since Brown was the color of last season, will some one inform us why Lina Hartsell still prefers it?

Smaller planets sometimes eclipse the sun.

Smaller planets sometimes eclipse the sun.

"Shakespeare was not for an age but for all time." Instance how he fits the Wesleyan girl.

"Fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden World."—*The Specials*.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."—*Gussie Adams*.

"Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak."—*Octavia Burden*.

"As Horns are odious, they are necessary."

"You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue."—*Agnes Organ*.

"Never two ladies loved as they do."—*Riley and Ross*.

"She will not stay the siege of loving terms."—*A. Chapman*.

"Cupid, have mercy."—*McLendon*.

"She comes in shape no bigger than an agate stone."—*Louise Thomas*.

"Much of grief shows still some want of wit."—*Ida Helen Matthews*.

"Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of."—*Louie Fenn*.

"I like this place and willingly would waste my time in it."—*Janie Bradley*.

"My voice is ragged. I know I can not please you."—*Daisy Wilcox*.

"Forbear and eat no more."—*Francis Witcover*.

With much pains-taking care we have collected the following information concerning the Seniors; we offer it in tabulated form for convenience in cases of reference:

NAME	SAVING	PASTIME.	HOBBY.	ADVICE.
Beckham	Oh, sure enough !	See-sawing.	Psychology.	Settle down to work.
Betha	Do write me something cute.	Blowing up exchanges.	Writing literature.	Save the pieces. [away.
Burden	Do you know what Cousin Ria [wants.	Casing.	Peter, John.	Think before you give your heart
Bryan	Nil Desperandum.	Reading Latin.	Extravagant use of buttons.	When walking down the street look out for observers.
Culbreath	Love is like the summer's sun.	Looking toward Mercer.	Boys.	Do not expect romance in this commonplace world.
Chapman	Mamma won't let me.	Dressing dolls.	Casing.	Children who obey their parents are loved by every one.
Darden	Wait till I get out of school.	Finding out people.	Visiting.	Don't think too much.
Daughtry	Great Spoons!	Amusing Miss Comba.	Smith.	Blow your horn.
Bradley	How I love Wesleyan !	Studying.	Wesleyan.	You can come back as a post-graduate.
Fenn	Nothing at all.	Talking.	Conversation.	The tongue is an unruly member
Hendry	Tell you what !	Carrying her burden cheerfully.	Burden bearing.	Burdens are good for the development of character.
Hill	A slight squeeze is all right.	Looking into the mirror	Talking to herself.	Keep on trying.
Hollis	Give it to me.	Butting in.	Buying hat pins.	Take care of your curls.
Horn	Lemme die.	Getting fat.	Scrapes.	Give your tongue a rest.
King	Got a joke on Janie.	Elocuting.	Gym.	Study Demosthenes.
Kitchens	I am crazy about it !	Cooking.	Walking.	Check your trunk.
Lewis	Where did Prof. Bonnell get [that.	Pursuit of knowledge.	Bargains.	Think before you buy.
Mallory	That's the cutest thing !	Looking sweet.	Nose glasses.	Pride goes before destruction.
Monning	Mamma made me study Parliamentary Law.	Carrying apples to T L's	Talking Big Talk.	Burke is selling encyclopedias at cut prices.
McLendon	I wouldn't have thought it of you.	Having a good time.	Cutting.	A gad-a-bout never accomplishes anything.
Organ	I don't believe that.	Asking questions.	Latin.	Curiosity killed a cat.
Roberts	Can you change a quarter ?	Flirting.	Collecting.	Do not trifle with hearts.
Robinson	Heyo Hun.	Chewing Gum.	T. L.'s.	Leave some T. L.'s for the rest.
Ross	I hate to get up so soon !	Catching cars.	Vells.	To much sleep is not good for the complexion.
Riley	No place like Quitman.	Calling up Claudia.	Zoölogy.	Your time will come some day.
Schley	Guess whose phi pin I wear ?	Taking cold.	Frat pin.	Be careful of your health.
Smith	I don't know.	Politics.	These rules of Wesleyan	Don't love so many girls.
Stubbs	I don't any more care.	Hunting jokes.	Jokes.	Cultivate your imagination.
Information furnished by Miss Horn.]				
Thomas (Berta)	Good morning.	Singing.	Smiles.	Be not so merry.
Thomas (Louise)	I never could draw.	Rushing to school.	Drawing.	Tall oaks from little acorns grow
Taylor	Where is Bessie ?	Talking to Bessie.	Bessie.	Study the reign of Queen Bess.
Wilcox	I'm not going to sing to-night.	Using Slang. [cases	Miss Pope.	The Pope is not always infallible
White (Bessie)	I love somebody and they don't know it.	Making handkerchief	Room mates.	Love though hidden is strong.
White (Tommie)	What would Grandmother say ?	Counting the men's noses	Fashion.	Take all the latest fashion books

"The Horn, The Horn, the lusty Horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."

"The worst fault you have is to be in love."—*Culbreath*.

"Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical."—*Eliza Hill*.

"The best thing in her is her complexion."—*Pipkin*.

"She is not very tall, yet for her years she's tall."—*E. Burney*.

"He laughs best who laughs last."

"I sat beside my love that night;
My heart it did rejoice
To sit there in the softened light
And hear her dulcet voice.

But now two years my wife she's been;
No doubt it does seem queer;
But now I leave the parlor when
Her dull set voice I hear."

—*Werner's Readings*.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Dear Editor. Please tell me how to get my older sister married off, so I can be Miss Horne.—*Vernon*.

Ask Mr. Guerry to put her in No. 50 to room. She can at least get a Methodist preacher.

How can I keep from being fickle-hearted?—*Bessie White*.

Do not be so ready to adhere to the Shakespearean doctrine of love at first sight.

What is the catastrophe in "As You Like It?"—*Burden*.

According to Mrs. Burks, marriage is always the catastrophe in comedy.

Smaller planets sometimes eclipse the sun.

THE WESLEYAN

JUNIOR LOCALS.

BLANCHE LEIGH CHAPMAN.

Juniors, Seniors, skillful players,
 Did this the bulletin show,
 Juniors, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen,
 And Seniors, noughts in a row?

Watch for the Seniors' eclipse!

MATHEMATICS APPLIED.

1. Deduct Phi Delta Theta from E. Moseley and what will be left?
2. How far can a Junior ride a "Pony" before reaching the limit?
3. Give some estimate as to how old Nannaline King will have to be before she can sing?
4. If Miss Coney is raised to the *cunning* power, what will be the price of *ham*?

Miss S. Branham (leading Y. W. C. A.)—Girls, let us all repeat the Lord's prayer in concert—everybody say it together, and all join in.

Watch for the Seniors' eclipse!

FOUND ON JUNIOR BULLETIN LAST WEEK:

Monday—First Hths of the Junior class went down town today—a marked improvement.

Tuesday—Miss E. Moseley left off her "Phi" pins today. We fear her mind is failing.

Wednesday—It is rumored that Miss Vernon Horn gained a pound this week.

Thursday—Miss Isabel Lyle made only thirty-six "puns" today.

Friday—Miss Maude Fisher was on time at Astronomy—marked improvement.

Miss C. Fletcher—O girls, have you seen my new waist *passe-partouted* in coronation braid?

Watch for the Seniors' eclipse!

THE WESLEYAN
SOPHOMORE LOCALS.

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EDITH MARTIN, EDITOR.

FAVORITE CHAPEL SONGS.

- Louise Erminger—"How firm a foundation."
Maie Dell Roberts—"O for a thousand hearts."
Laura Smith—"Blow ye the trumpet, blow."
Mary Palmer—"Art thou weary, art thou languid?"
Fleurine Hatcher—"Leaning on the (your) everlasting arm."
Regina Rambo—"Where is my wandering boy tonight?"
Eliza Hill—"Whiter than snow."
Julia Coney—"Close to thee."
Maybelle Jones—"Rescue the perishing."
Ruby Lovejoy—"Home sweet home."
Anabel Horn—"Work for the night is coming."
Willie Erminger—"Golden Hill."
Gussie Adams—"I'm going home."
Ethel Harrell—"The tie that binds."
-

For information and guidance in all love affairs, apply to Room 30, annex.—Misses Mary Palmer and Martha Ryder.

Jane Bardwell—Tig., what do you call schools where girls and boys both go?

Tigner—You old stupid, international, of course.

Mary P.—What is the meaning of d-a-m?

Martha R.—A species of flood-gates. By adding the letter n, the flood-gates are loosened.

Temmie C.—What's the matter with you, using those bad words?

Ethel Harrell—O Tem., great oaths from little aching corns do grow.

Eliza Hill (looking at the statue of Venus in the art hall)—What man is that, Miss Prosser?

Louise Erminger—Here's something in this lesson about astronomy. Isn't it the same as spherical Geometry?

Irma Neal (in French class)—Gussie, a quoi pensez-vous?

Gussie Adams—You bet, I do that every day.....

Lucy Ellis—Louise, what is that in that can?

Louise Atkinson—Condensed milk.

Lucy—Malt's?

Louise—No, Maybelle Jones'."

Kitchens—Eliza, do you know your French rules? Well give me the Present Subjunctive Indicative of *aller*.

Nancie Freeman—Rubie, is Yale at Harvard?

In Memoriam

Miss Ellie E. Palmer

WHEREAS, on January the tenth, nineteen hundred and six, Miss Ellie E. Palmer, class of eighteen eighty-six, died in Tampa, Florida;

AND WHEREAS, the said Ellie E. Palmer was a true and loyal member of this the Alpha Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, therefore

Be it resolved, 1st, That Alpha Delta Phi feels greatly the loss of this beloved sister.

Resolved 2nd, That Alpha Chapter extends sympathy to the bereaved mother.

Resolved 3d, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Alpha Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi; that a copy be sent to Mrs. E. E. Salter, Tampa, Florida, mother of the deceased; and that a copy be published in "THE WESLEYAN."

NELLIE BACHMAN,
ELIZABETH MOSELEY,
Committee.

January 17, 1906.

Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.

Y. W. C. A. Department.

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ADA SAMS.

Dr. Ainsworth, late of Mulberry Street Church, talked to the student body shortly before his departure from Macon for Savannah. "Religion, not a creed, but life," was the keynote of his forceful remarks. It was with regret that we gave him up.

One of our best workers in the Y. W. C. A., Inez Daughtry, is kept from returning to us on account of her eyes. Inez has, during her four years stay here, been affiliated with this and the missionary work. Her absence will be felt in both of these departments.

On several evenings during the past month Mrs. White has talked to us. The girls have learned to look forward to these meetings, and Mrs. White always addressed a room full.

Thirty has been the average attendance on the vesper services. Since Christmas there has been a slight improvement in this direction.

Exchange Department.

ARGENT BETHEA, EDITOR.

What a pity that the *Georgian* should take a peep at the world from the wrong point of view; for when we opened the magazine what should catch the eye but "Hats! Hats! New shapes in pearl and black!" Some of the material is so good, though, that we can overlook this mistake in binding. "How Can a University Man Best Serve His State?" is one of the best and most convincing articles we have found in any exchange of the year, and the subject is one of great interest to the whole college world. "The Thorny Path to Genius" opens with a fine bit of description—in fact, the descriptive passages are the strong point of this story, and save it from being condemned as "uninteresting." Though there have recently been several articles on Christmas in the different journals, yet "The Origin of Gratitude" surpasses them all. It is true that the plot of "The Part the Mistletoe Played" is not *exactly* new, but there is a fresh and wholesome atmosphere about the story that did our heart good. "Sunday's Loaded Die" is not much from a literary point, but it may be very true to life—"may be," we said. The Editorial and Exchange Departments are so well gotten up that it is a pleasure to read them, and the editor of the latter is fortunate in making his criticisms in a manner out of the usual phrases peculiar to this department.

In the *Gallowegian* for December there is an interesting sketch, "Christmas," which tells of the origin and observance of Christmas in several countries. "Mammy's Story" is a typical negro story of war-times, and though the choice of dialect is fine, yet the much used plot prevents the story from being as interesting as it otherwise would. "Restitution" is the name of the article in which is told the sacrifice which one brother makes for another, and though well-written, is rather too unreal. By far the best thing in the book is "The Butler's Christmas," the unusual plot of which is made even more clever by the manner in which it is written. The way the story opens immediately attracts the attention, and one falls into the spirit of fun from the first. The poetry of this number is not quite up to the notch, though "The Disappointed Boy" is a commendable character sketch.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

"She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old.
Half exciting, half repulsing,
Not advancing—never shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

"She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all her arts,
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile.
O, a maid is often charming,
But a widow, all the while.

"Are you sad? How very serious
Will her smiling face become;
Are you angry? She is wretched;
Drooping, sighing, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? How her laughter
Silver sounding, will ring out—
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

"We old bachelors of forty
Who have grown so bold and wise;
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-look in your eyes—
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little Widow
Who can win and fool you all."

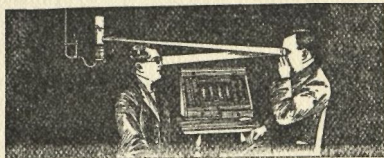
Echoes from L. G. S.

"Social Problems in English Literature" is continued in the December issue of the *Converse Concept*, and this installment is right up to the standard, though it is becoming somewhat long for a college magazine. There is nothing very attractive about "A Freshman's Love," and its brevity is its redeeming feature. "The Denouement" and "Far From the Maddening Crowd" are short, and both may be classed as "fair." "A Christmas Vacation" is the best of them all. Not only is the plot well-planned and different from the majority, but the author's diction is good and the style is charming. The fiction in the *Concept* is balanced by two debates—one on the giving of Christmas gifts and one on compulsory education in the South, which is a very good discussion of one of the vital questions of the day. "The Unforeseen" and "A Christmas Story" are both short and the first is especially clever. The other departments of the magazine are well-edited. "A Tale of Woe" is one of the best poems, though all the poetry in this issue is fairly good.

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